

Poetry.

The Negro Girl.

BY MRS. S. H. D. SMITH.

The Nashville American says a negro girl belonging to Louis C. Liss, committed suicide last week, to avoid giving information of her mother's place of concealment, who had run away.

And must my mother feel again
The dungeon rack, the crushing chain?
The stinging scourge, the bitter jeer,
Again fall on my tortured ear?
As all defenceless thou hast stood
Beneath the infuriate lash—O God!
And scarcely dared to lift on high
Thy look of speechless agony.

Thou, who was ever good and kind—
To duty all thy thoughts inclined—
Whose love has been the one bright ray,
Cheering my drear and toilsome way,
Before my tottering steps could stray,
From the lone cabin where I lay,
And sobbed away the weary hours,
Till thou might'st come at shut of flowers;

The sultry tasks of daylight done,
To greet me, underneath the moon,
Stretching my arms in eager glees,
At the first sight I caught of thee,
Scarce turning from thy close embrace
To my gay buds which thou didst place
Within my hand—though dearly bought,
The toys thy wearied steps had sought.

And when my growing strength could share
Thy mid-day toils, if moon's hot glare
Fell on my shrinking head, how soon
Thy mother's heart has bid me come—
And smiled to see me gently laid
Beneath the cool Magnolia's shade,
While thy own love-nerved arm has wrought
The double task my rest that bought.

And oh, when o'er me sickness came,
Unmindful of thy toll-spent frame,
Can I forget the tender care
Which seemed each pain to soothe and share?
I could have deemed it sweet to die
Beneath that soft, that loving eye,
While thou didst hold my fevered hand,
And whisper of that better land.

Bright visions, which no longer cheer
My darkened path of gloom and fear,
No! by thy love, and by thy woes,
My mother, I can ne'er disclose
Thy refuge, though my spirits faint
At the strange pang their throats'ning point:
Yet I shall quail beneath the glance
Of those stern eyes, whose look, perchance,
May read within my trembling breast
The secret by no words confessed.

But unappalled, the death-closed ear
Their fierce, menacing tones may hear,
And no revealing word be wrung
From death's cold lip and palest tongue,
Oh! it is fearful thus to die!
Yet, in that brighter world on high,
May some sweet angel plead for me,
Dear mother, that I died for thee.

Buff. Com. Ad.

From the Literary World.
The Poor Man's Doings.

BY MRS. MARY E. HEWITT.

Oh, what were the pride of the rich man's gold,
Or the worth of each untitled rood,
Were it not for the rough, hard-handed poor
Who toil for their daily food.

Whatever of labor the rich man needs,
From the poor man's hand must come—
From the cradle rail of the new-born heir,
To the coffin and sculptured tomb.

The poor man sways the settler's ax,
Till the forests far retire;
And the city springs on its phoenix wings
O'er the brands of the log-house fire.

He bandeth the earth with iron roads,
And the steam-fed courier guides;
And fearlessly he drives the steeds of the sea
Wherever the rich man rides.

He tills the plain till the ripened grain
Is safe in the garner stored,
And with rite and anse he humeth the fere
That smokes on the rich man's board.

He twineeth the costly robes of pride,
And reareth the stately dome;
And cleaves from the clod the marble god
That stands in the rich man's home.

The guards of beauty, the work of art,
Whatever your wealth hath bought—
Nay—the very gold that your coffers hold
The poor man's hand hath wrought.

Then health to the rude and thrifty poor,
And honor them evermore;
They 'mid the turmoil, earn the wages of toil,
As your fathers did before.

And think the reward of labor is health,
That wealth is industry's friend,
That change is earth's law, and soon the see-saw
May rise at the poor man's end.

From the Horticulturist.
Singing-Bird's Petition to the Sportsman.

Wouldst thou have me fall, or fly?
Hear me sing or see me die?
If thy heart is cold and dull,
Knowing nothing beautiful—
If thy proud eye never glows
With the light love only knows—
If the loss of friends or home,
Ne'er hath made life wearisome—
If thy cheek has never known
Tears that fall with sorrow's moan—
If a hopeless mother's sigh
Brings no tear-drop from thine eye,
Thou may'st as well see me die!

But if thou canst love the lay,
Welcoming the birth of May—
Or summer's song, or autumn's dirge,
Cheering winter's dreary verge—
If how love's beauty's hue,
Decked with light or gowned with dew—
If all manner thoughts above,
Thou canst hope, and trust and love—
Thou canst Nature's lover be—
Spare her minutes,—pay me!

Miscellaneous.

Reformation of William Wirt.

The distinguished Wm. Wirt, within six or eight months after his first marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated strongly on the mind and health of his wife, and in a few months more she was numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where he resided, and he moved to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung about him, and occasionally he was found with jolly and frolicsome spirits in bacchanalian revelry. His true friends expostulated with him, to convince him of the injury he was doing himself. But he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, and many looked on him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married, with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to Miss Gamble. After some months' attention, he asked her hand in marriage; she replied—Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your intentions for some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you evinced for me. But I cannot yield my assent until you make me a pledge never to taste, touch or handle any intoxicating drinks. This reply to Mr. Wirt was as unexpected as it was novel. His reply was, that he regarded the proposition as a bar to all further consideration of the subject, and left her. Her course toward him was the same as ever—his, resentment and neglect. In the course of a few weeks he went again, and again solicited her hand. But her reply was, her mind was made up. He became indignant, and regarded the terms she proposed as insulting to his honor, and vowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse, and seemed to run headlong to ruin. One day, while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog-shop, dead-drunk, a young lady, whom it is not necessary to name, was passing that way to her home, not far off, and beheld him with his face upturned to the rays of the scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name marked upon it, and placed it over his face. After he had remained in that way some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being so great, he went into the little grocery or grog-shop to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, at which he looked, and the name that was on it. After pausing a few minutes, he exclaimed—'Great God! who left this with me!—Who placed this on my face?' No one knew. He dropped the glass, exclaiming, 'Enough! Enough!' He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst, but not the debauch, the handkerchief, or the lady, vowing, if God gave him strength, never to touch, taste, or handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss G. was the hardest effort of his life. If he met her in her carriage, or on foot, he would dodge round the nearest corner. She at last addressed him a note under her own hand, inviting him to her house, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her if she still bore affection for him, he would agree to her own terms. Her reply was: 'My conditions are now what they ever have been.' 'Then,' said she, 'disenthralled Wirt, I accept them.'

They were soon married, and from that day he kept his word, and his affairs brightened, while honors and glories gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame, while his deeds, his patriotism and renown live after him with imperishable lustre. How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine-hearted Miss G., the friend of humanity, of her country, and the relation of La Fayette.

The Corn Law Rhymers.

From the National Era.

The iron foot of Sheffield, like the Ayrshire ploughman, sprung from the working class. Like him, his songs are the lays of labor. But, unlike him, his muse did not draw her inspiration from the breath of the open fields, perfumed with daisies and adorned with hawthorn, but from the hot atmosphere of furnaces, ringing with the clang of anvils and the hoarse grating of machinery. Burns was the bard of yeoman. Elliott is the bard of artisans. Both have touched the deepest chords of human feeling, and waked echoes that shall vibrate till human hearts cease to pulsate. Wandering a few years ago in the suburbs of Sheffield, my eye fell upon a building, blackened with the blackest smoke of that most sombre town, whose front showed a sign reading, I think, thus: "Elliott & Co.'s Iron and Steel Warehouse."

I inquired of a young man, dressed in a frock coat, besmeared with iron rust and coal dust, for the head of the establishment. "My father," said he, "is just gone. You will find him at his house yonder." I repaired thither. The "Corn Law Rhymers" stood on the threshold, in his stocking feet, holding a pair of coarse shoes in his hand. His frank "Walk in," assured me I was welcome. I had just left the residence of Montgomery. The transition could hardly be greater than from James Montgomery to Ebenezer Elliott. The former was polished in his manners, exquisitely neat in

his personal appearance, and his bland conversation never rose above a calm level except once, when he spoke with an indignation that years had not abated of his double imprisonment in York Castle, for the utterance, first in verse and then in prose, of liberal and humane sentiments, which offended the Government. And now I was confronted with a burly iron-monger, rapid in speech, glowing with enthusiasm, putting and answering a dozen questions at a breath, eulogizing American republicanism and denouncing British aristocracy, throwing sarcasms at the Duke of Wellington, and anointing General Jackson with the oil of flattery, pouring out a flood of racy talk about Church Establishments, Biddle and the Bank, poetry, politics, the price of iron and the price of corn, while ever and anon he thrust his damp feet into the embers, and hung his wet shoes on the grate to dry. A much shorter interview than I enjoyed would be sufficient to prove, even if their works were forgotten, that of the two Sheffield poets, Elliott's grasp of intellect was much the stronger, his genius far the more buoyant and elastic. Yet has the milder bard done and suffered much for civil and religious liberty. But the stronger! Not corn law repealers only, but all Britons who moisten their scanty bread with the sweat of the brow, are largely indebted to his inspiring lays for the mighty bound which the laboring mind of England has taken in our day. Some of his poems are among the rarest and purest gems that shine on the sacred mount. Others are as rugged, aye, and as strong, as the iron bars in his own warehouse. They break out in denunciations of privileged tyrants and titled extortioners, that sound like the echoes of a Hebrew prophet. The genius that animates and the humanity that warms every line, carry them where more fastidious and frigid productions would never find their way. Elliott has been called harsh and vindictive. He may be pardoned for hating institutions which reduce every fourth man to beggary, while a great heart beats in his bosom. Against meanness and oppression, his muse has rung out battle songs, charged with indignation, defiance, sarcasm, and contempt; but, into the ears of the lowly and wan sons of toil, it has breathed the sweetest murmurs of sympathy, consolation, and hope. The key which unlocks his harmony he has furnished in these sharp lines:

"For thee, my country, thee, do I perform,
Sternly, the duty of a man born free,
Headless, though ass and wolf, and venomous worm,
Shake ears & fangs, with brandished bay, at me."

H. B. S.

Father Mathew.

Father Mathew is approaching his 59th year, having been born in October, 1790, though his appearance does not indicate that he is more than 50 years old. His hair is coarse and dark colored, rather liberally sprinkled with gray. His countenance when in repose has nothing striking about it, and seen by a stranger he would be passed by as an ordinary man. His eye, which is the most expressive feature, is rather large, blue and languid. When not engaged in conversation the eyes wear a dull expression, the lips are compressed firmly together, and the whole face bears the impress of great gravity. He seems abstracted and lost to the circumstances surrounding him. But, when his attention is aroused, those large blue orbs are lighted up with a beautiful lustre, and become indeed as the windows of the soul. That mouth is relaxed from its firmness, and a winning smile plays around it, until the whole countenance is transformed, and we see the Father Mathew of the Temperance reformation.

In view of his immense success as a Reformer, it is asked by thousands and tens of thousands wherein his great strength lies. It is known that he is no great orator in his best estate; he has never called to his aid the beauties and graces of eloquent speaking; and now less than ever before, because he is suffering under a stroke of paralysis, which for a time deprived him of the use of his tongue, and he only speaks now with great difficulty. But where is the secret of his strength? It is in his simplicity, his humility, his unfeigned benevolence; his firm conviction that his mission is ratified in heaven, and that he has an all-supporting arm for his sure defence. Thus prepared, he goes forth with singleness of purpose, and, turning neither to the right hand nor the left, he urges the high claims of the great cause he has espoused with an earnestness and simplicity that never fails to draw men unto him.—Chronicle.

HEAVENLY BODIES.—A stout, bustling little woman, came into the vestry of a church to see the clergyman, one morning, just after the reading of prayers. She held in her arms a sturdy specimen of manhood in embryo, who was crying lustily.

"Please, sir," said she, with a courtesy, "will you be so kind as to tell me whether my child is a seraphim or a cherubim?"

"Young woman," said the learned divine, "why do you joke with the authorized prayer of the church?"

"Please, sir, I ain't joking—only I want to know whether my son Augustus is a seraphim or a cherubim?"

"Neither, woman, neither. How can you ask?"

"O, but I know it's one or the other," said she, "because you said this morning, 'the cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,' and my son is always at it."

From the Cincinnati Globe.
Intelligent Farming.

There is a profitable and unprofitable mode of bestowing labor in every kind of human industry, and particularly in the cultivation of the soil. Farmers, we think, leave invention and handicraft, mechanical knowledge and skill, too much to cities. Their labor is of the longest, their exposure is of the most trying, their life is of the hardest which it falls to the lot of any large class of men to endure. Their products constitute the basis of the world's wealth, but they have to wring them oftentimes from the bosom of an ungrateful soil, with the seasons not always genial, and a thousand active foes to war against their success. But, under the favoring influences of the seasons, every thing depends upon the kind of implements used, the knowledge of the texture and qualities of soils, and of the enemies which set themselves against the fruitfulness of dame earth. As much science, experience and cunning, it certainly is no hard matter to see, are required in extracting and renewing the virtues of the soil, so as to sustain the mighty multitude of earth's unintelligent children, and add to the security and permanent wealth of man, as in any of those secondary processes which constitute the lore of cities. The real burden and effort of thousands, the grand haunting problem of a myriad of sleepless brains is simply to ease the friction and resistance of machinery, to shoulder off human toil still further upon the forces of nature, to carry the least labor to its farthest result. We do not know why the business of tillage and husbandry should have been to the extent it has an exception to this natural endeavor; why the lore of farming should have been so far unlearned. We think it is not generally the case that farmers cultivate soil, and an acquaintance with its peculiarities with the same fidelity; that they seek to gain any wonderful intimacy with the nature of the substance they are laboring upon, working up, ploughing and planting, vexing with iron teeth, sending the shuttle of the share over the weave the warp and woof of thrift. They labor with manly heart, they fight with strong sinews against difficulties, but often they know not what they seek to conquer.

Of latter years, however, a perceptible improvement has been made in the measure of intelligence with which farmers apply themselves to their important calling. They are getting to perceive that blind labor is waste labor, and that there is a better method than the former dead-lift at nature. It is no wonderful thing to find a farmer, even in our Western States, who studies his business well, sees by the experience of others, who is not unskilled in agricultural chemistry, and is a laborer every way well-approved in his work.

This result is greatly owing to the excellent publications of the last few years, directed to the advancement of farming interests, mostly edited by learned farmers, detailing the most valuable experience and that are brought within the reach of every farmer. Such publications as the Ohio Cultivator, Columbus, O., which is now in its fifth volume, and the Wool Grower, Buffalo, N. Y., are very efficient co-laborers in this field. We take it as one of the best omens of the age, a promise of far more than mere wealth can confer, that intellect is fairly entered into the harvest field and promises to preside over the implements of husbandry.

THE POPE AND THE STANDARD OF CASTILE.—It is related that when the Pope reviewed the Spanish troops at Gao, the standard of Castile, according to an old custom in the Spanish army, was laid open at the feet of his Holiness, who ignorant of what was required of him in return, asked the Bishop of Cuenca what he was to do. That prelate replied, that the Sovereign Pontiff being considered God's Vicar on earth, or as the King of kings, the banner had been so placed in order that he might tread upon it with his sacred feet. After going through this ceremony, and blessing the troops, the Bishop of Cuenca knelt, and made him the following:—Most Holy Father, let me hope that I am worthy of receiving a boon from you, which is, that you give me the shoes you wear, because, after treading upon the standard of Castile, they cannot touch any but Spanish ground. Another pair of shoes, provided by the Bishop, were then brought, and thus presented him to that dignity, who has thus doubtless secured to himself a Cardinal's hat.

THE WATER TREATMENT.—We are informed that the following is Dr. Shaw's mode of treating the Cholera:

"He regards it dangerous to attempt at all to check the symptoms of the disease. Warm water, pure and soft, (of about blood warmth,) is used very copiously by potations and injections. Whenever there is any desire to vomit, a number of tumblers of water is drunk in quick succession, which causes easy vomiting. This is said to afford the greatest relief to the patient. Whenever the bowels act, large and oft-repeated injections are given. He uses no cold water or ice internally. Warm water, he believes, controls the inordinate thirst of cholera better than cold. He uses tepid, cool, or cold water, externally, as a tonic, according to the patient's strength. Evidently water, simple as it is, requires great skill in its use."

New England and Virginia.

Two hundred years ago, in 1649, a pamphlet was published in London, entitled "A perfect Picture of Virginia," in which occurs the following passage:—"New England, four days' sail distant, has trade to and fro, and takes from Virginia many cattle, much corn, and other things. That New England is in a good condition of livelihood, but for matter of any great hope but fishing, there is not much." Compared to Virginia, "it is as Scotland is to England, so much difference, and lies upon the same land northward as Scotland does to England; there is much cold, frost and snow; their land so barren, except a herring be put into the hole you set the corn in, it will not come up; and it was great pity, all those planters, now about twenty thousand, did not sent themselves at first at the south of Virginia, in a warm and rich country, where their industry could have produced sugar, indigo, ginger, cotton and the like commodities." So it seemed at that time (says Mr. Hildreth, in his History of the United States, from which the above is extracted;) but how much has New England, cold and sterile, with its sole staples of fish, ice, and granite, outrun, even in the career of wealth, all the boasted regions of tobacco, cotton and sugar!

Intercourse of the Sexes.

Neal asks the question.—"What makes those men who associate habitually with women superior to others? What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Why are the women of France so universally admired and loved for their colloquial powers? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity; their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is changing continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of the character are hidden, like the harness and armor of a giant, and studs in knois of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare."

MAN-WORSHIP.—A pretty specimen of man-worship is complacently recorded by the Roman Catholic Observer. It seems that a letter from the Pope to the Archbishop of Baltimore was received too late to be published during the Council. "On the Sunday after the Council," continues the editor, "it was handed the Very Rev. Dr. Pise, who is one of the best scholars in the country, a short time before he ascended the pulpit, with a request that he would read an English translation of it to the people. After a hasty perusal of the document, the Rev. Doctor read it in English, in his own happy, elegant diction, and concluded by one of those refined acis of delicacy, which betoken the good Priest, the pious Christian, and the accomplished gentleman. He kissed the letter, with respect and veneration, saying, 'The letter which I have just read to you bears the autograph signature of Our Most Holy Father, Pius the Ninth, which in the name of the Most Reverend Archbishop and of the congregation, I reverently and affectionately kiss.'

Agents for the "Bugle."

OHIO.
New Garden; David L. Galbreath, and J. Johnson.
Columbiana; Lot Holmes.
Cool Springs; Mahlon Irvin.
Berlin; Jacob H. Barnes.
Marlboro; Dr. K. G. Thomas.
Canfield; John Wetmore.
Lowellville; John Bissell.
Youngstown; J. S. Johnson.
New Lyme; Margaret Miller.
Selma; Thomas Swaine.
Springboro; Ira Thomas.
Harrington; V. Nicholson.
Oakland; Elizabeth Brooke.
Chagrin Falls; S. Dickenson.
Columbus; W. W. Pollard.
Georgetown; Ruth Cope.
Bundysburg; Alex. Glenn.
Farmington; Willard Curtis.
Bath; J. B. Lambert.
Ravenna; Joseph Carroll.
Wilkesville; Hannah T. Thomas.
Southington; Caleb Greene.
Mt. Union; Joseph Barnaby.
Malta; Wm. Cope.
Lodi; Jerome Hurlburt, Elijah Poor.
Lodi; Dr. Sil.
Chester; Roads; Adam Sanders.
Painesville; F. McGrew.
Franklin Mills; Isaac Russell.
Granger; L. Hill.
Hartford; G. W. Bushnell, and Wm. J. Bright.
Garrettsville; A. Joiner.
Andover; A. G. Garlick and J. F. Whitmore.
Achor Town; A. G. Richardson.
East Palestine; Simon Sheets.
Granger; L. S. Speer.
INDIANA.
Winchester; Clarkson Packet.
Economy; Ira C. Maulsby.
Penn; John L. Michner.
PENNSYLVANIA.
Pittsburgh; H. Vashon.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Published every Saturday, at 12 cents a Number, or Yearly, in advance, \$4.
BY E. LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

THIS work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the Edinburgh Quarterly, and other Reviews; and Blackwood's noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and common life, by the sagacious Spectator, the sparkling Examiner, the judicious Athenaeum, the busy and industrious Literary Gazette, the sensible and comprehensive Britannia, the sober and respectable Christian Observer; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the United Service, and with the best articles of the Dublin University, New Monthly, Fraser's, Tait's, Ainsworth's, Hood's, and Sporting Magazines, and of Chambers's admirable Journal. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from Punch; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of the Times. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood, and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that, much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the Living Age desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and physicians—to men of business and men of leisure,—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive to their wives and children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say indispensable, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope, that by "winnowing the wheat from the chaff," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

Letters in commendation of the plan and execution of the work from Judge Story, Chancellor Kent, Dr. Bethune, and Messrs. Jared Sparks, W. H. Prescott, George Bancroft, and George Ticknor, have been published in former advertisements.

POSTAGE.—When sent with a cover it is ranked as a PAMPHLET, and cost 43 cents. Without the cover it comes within the definition of a newspaper, given in the law, and cannot legally be charged with more than newspaper postage.

MONTHLY PAIRS.—For such as prefer it in that form the Living Age is put up in Monthly parts, containing four or five weekly numbers. In this shape it shows to great advantage in comparison with other works, containing in each part double the matter of any of the Quaterlies. But we recommend the weekly numbers, as fresher and fuller of life.

The volumes are published quarterly. Each of them is equal to three ordinary octavos.

Orders should be addressed directly to the publishers.
E. LITTELL & CO., Boston.
Dec. 20.

HINCHMAN & KEEN
BOOK AND FANCY
JOB PRINTERS,
SALEM, OHIO.

"All kinds of Plain and Fancy Job work done at the Office of the 'Household Journal,' on the shortest notice and on the lowest terms.
Office one door North of E. W. Williams' Store, January 3rd, 1848.

COVERLET AND INGRAIN CARPET WEAVING.

The subscriber, thankful for past favours conferred the last season, takes this method to inform the public that he still continues in the well-known stand formerly carried on by James McLeran, in the Coverlet and Carpet business.

Directions.—For double coverlets spin the woollen yarn at least 12 cuts to the pound, double and twist 32 cuts, coloring 8 of it red, and 24 blue; or in the same proportions of any other two colors; double and twist of No. 5 cotton, 30 cuts for chain. He has two machines to weave the half-double coverlets. For No. 1, prepare the yarn as follows: double and twist of No. 7 cotton yarn 18 cuts, and 9 cuts of single yarn colored light blue for chain, with 18 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and 18 cut of No. 9 for filling. For No. 2, prepare of No. 5 cotton yarn, 16 cuts double and twisted, and 8 cuts single, colored light blue, for the chain—17 cuts of double and twisted woollen, and one pound single white cotton for filling.—For those two machines spin the woollen yarn nine or ten cuts to the pound.

Plain and figured table linen, &c. woven.
ROBERT HINSHILL WOOD.
Green street, Salem.
June 16th, 1848. 6m -148